Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I never did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What my she not? she may, yea marrie may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had worser match.
Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Q. Mar. And lesued be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Enter Qu. Margret.

Q. M.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember the
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbu
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloo
Glo. In all which time, you and your h
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your h
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slain
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forge
What, you haue bene ere now, and what yo
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his fath
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pa
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is me
I would to God my heart were flint like Ed
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull Kin
So should we you, if you should be our kin
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a ped
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. Nar. As little ioy (my Lord) as yo
You should enioy, were you this countries k
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,
Qu. Mar. A litle ioy enioyes the Queene
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.